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DAILY NEWS**ONLY HUMAN****By Sidney Fields****He Knows the Real Reds**

He remembers that the savage fists bloodying his face grew larger with each blow, but he didn't pass out. He'd pass out after they'd starve him and wake him in mid-morning to shine the light in his face for three or four hours and then use metal rods to beat the bare soles of his feet.

"They break men," Gerald Dorset said, still amazed that he survived. "They know how to destroy the mind as well as the body."

It happened in Sofia, Bulgaria, after he had



Gerald Dorset—The taste of freedom.

became an American citizen. It could have happened in Moscow, Peking, East Berlin.

"And it's happening every day," said Dorset. "It's shocking that Americans now either accept it as ordinary or ignore it."

He's 43, round, small, mild, teaches Bulgarian at Columbia and has authored five books. His name was Ilia Iliev, but he changed it when he became an American citizen in 1952. During the war in Sofia, where he was born, he was allowed to finish his schooling. He was graduated from law school and also holds a degree in languages. He speaks French, Italian, Russian.

**Sought Freedom for Mother**

After the war he was an interpreter for the American army, came here in 1948 after slipping out of Bulgaria in the baggage compartment of a train. He worked for the Voice of America, Radio Free Europe, the BBC, and headed the Bulgarian Writers Union in Exile. In 1960 he went to the Bulgarian Legation in London, talked to an official named Beltshev about an exit visa for his widowed mother who was still in Sofia.

"I was fearful, but they offered to help if I'd pay for the travel expense and prove I could support my mother," Dorset said. "But they kept making me come back again and again. When they suggested I go to Bulgaria and bring my mother out myself, I stopped coming."

Three days later at 5 A.M. the legation's doorman and chauffeur rang his bell, told him a plane had arrived from Bulgaria and there was good

"I thought it could be my mother was on the plane," he said. "I went. They slowed up as they passed the legation and, without stopping it, Beltshev jumped into the car. We drove to Gatwick airport and, with diplomatic license plates, rode right onto a runway where there was a Soviet-made plane and five men lined up under the wings. All eight pushed me on."

It landed in Sofia six and a half hours later. Dorset was bundled off to the Security Police.

**Thrown Into Dungeon**

"They threw me into a little cell like a dungeon and threatened me. A week later they released me and warned me to forget about American citizenship and to stay away from the American Legation. It took me two months to get up enough courage to go to the U. S. consul. I am not a brave man."

For a year the Bulgarians ignored the request of the U. S. minister that Dorset be allowed to leave. He tried it, was caught at the frontier, jailed and for the next three months constantly questioned and tortured.

"Once I tried to escape," he said. "I went on a hunger strike for seven weeks and even tried to kill myself. They kept me alive to make a show trial of me. I got five years in prison. The food was a starvation diet."

After a year in prison, he was freed by the general post—Stalin amnesty and, with pressure from the U. S. minister, was finally allowed to leave. The bitter lessons for him—or anyone—are plain:

"The Communist beast never changes. All this talk of 'peace brother' and coexistence is lies."

"The amount of physical and mental abuse the human body can take is incredible."

"You really know the taste of freedom after losing it."

"And I'd still like to know what my crime was."